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FICTION --- FEATURES

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1935

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Donna Gabriel, circus performer, falls from the trapeze and is injured. To please her partner, Madeline Siddal, Donna goes to Madeline's home to recuperate, pretending to be the other girl. She is ashamed of this deception but keeps it up, even when Bill Siddal, Madeline's cousin, asks her to marry him. Amos Siddal, Madeline's grandfather who owns the farm, is blind. Mrs. Plantzer, housekeeper discharged by Donna, is her enemy.

Donna and Bill are married. Meanwhile Madeline has married Con David, circus animal trainer, and takes part in the animal act.

Amos Siddal has a stroke.

In New Orleans Madeline goes into the cage with the Bengal tiger and is killed. Con is discharged and, unable to get work, decides to go to the Siddal farm to claim Madeline's inheritance.

From the nearby town he sends a note to Donna and she agrees to meet him the next afternoon. Mrs. Plantzer learns of this and writes an anonymous letter to Bill.

Donna tells Bill she is going to a neighbor's and sets out to keep the appointment with Con.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER 38

When Donna was out of sight Bill returned to the house. He was strangely restless and uneasy, sorry that he had let her go. Odd that she should have insisted on going to the Adamses through the snow storm when she had never been neighborly with them before.

Bill went into Grandfather Siddal's room. The old man was eating his noon meal and showed no indication of the hard night he had had.

"Looks like a blizzard," Bill said. "Reckon I'd better fix up some added protection for the stock."

"I heard the wind," Amos Siddal nodded. "Is it snowing?"

"Coming down fast."

"The little fellers will like it. Don't you recollect when a snow storm was about the finest thing in the world, Bill?"

"Yes. And that reminds me that while I'm about it I'll grease the runners of the bobsled. I don't suppose Madeline has been in a bobsled since she was a kid."

"I never was in one," Miss Perkins murmured, looking up from the tray she held in her lap from which she was feeding the patient. "You put straw in the bottom of the sled, don't you, and cover up with piles of blankets?"

"That's it. And sometimes the whole kit and caboodle gets dumped on the roadside, but no one is ever hurt. Used to be great fun when I was a boy."

The nurse rose and carried the tray to the kitchen. When she returned she stood for a second, studying the young farmer. "Do you ever regret giving up your medical studies, Mr. Siddal?" she asked, picking up some sewing she had dropped in a chair.

"Not since my marriage."

"You would have made a wonderful doctor. I've noticed you often. You never say anything to irritate the patient and your presence always seems to soothe your grandfather."

Bill patted the old man's hand. "We're mighty close — Grandpop and I," he said. "Have lots of things in common."

* * *

He added as he turned to go. "I'll be back in half an hour, Grandpop, and then I'll read you the farm news." With a half sheepish look toward the nurse he bent and pressed his lips against the withered forehead. "You just better hurry and get well!" he said softly.

One of the baby lambs was sick and this delayed him. It was dusk when Bill, tired and apprehensive of the weather, trudged back to the house. A yellow gleam of light from the living room window threw a welcome glow on the path. He paused in the woodshed long enough to use a broom to brush snow from his shoes and clothing. Then he entered the house by way of the kitchen. By rights Donna should now be helping Minnie with the evening meal.

But Donna was not in the kitchen. Minnie looked up from a pan of potatoes she was peeling and grinned at him. On the table beside her was a motion picture magazine.

"Where's my wife?" Bill asked. "Dunno."

Calling, "Madeline!" he passed through the pantry and corridor. When there was no reply he ran up the stairs. Their bedroom was empty and both her hat and coat were gone.

His watch informed him that it was after five o'clock. "She's staying a long time," Bill muttered. "Too long."

In Grandfather's room he tried to seem casual when he inquired if Madeline had telephoned, but there was a note of anxiety in his voice that could not be disguised.

"Perhaps she tried to," Miss Perkins suggested, "and the storm prevented her from getting the message through."

"That's right. I'll see whether I can get Adamses on the phone."

After some little difficulty Bill succeeded in getting the operator on the telephone. He discovered, as he spoke, that he was shaking and the uneasiness that had hung over him all the afternoon had developed into a definite fear.

Mrs. Adams' voice came over the wire.

"Is my wife still there?" Bill asked.

"Who is this?"

"Bill Siddal. Is Mrs. Siddal still there?"

"Why, no."

"But she's been at your house today?"

"No. I didn't expect her."

* * *

Like a man ravaged by a long illness, Bill moved automatically away from the telephone. Miss Perkins, who had followed him into the hall, gave a little cry at the sight of his stricken face.

"Something's happened," he mumbled thickly. "An accident. She hasn't been there at all."

"Oh, but just half a mile—"

"Don't let on to the old man. I'm going to get the bobsled and go after her."

It occurred to him that his fore-thought in oiling the sled and getting it in shape was a grim coincidence. Not once, as he hitched the horses, covering them with blankets and putting blinders over their eyes, did he doubt Madeline's safety. She had said she was going to the Adamses and she had not arrived there. The only explanation was that there must have been an accident. Perhaps at this moment she was lying in a gully at the side of the road, dead or dying.

A groan tore at Bill's throat. Why had he let her go? He had seen the storm coming. It had already begun when she left. She wasn't a good driver. If she were dead—

Beads of perspiration formed on his temples and upper lip and froze in the icy air. His whole body bled so that he had difficulty in grasping the reins.

He ought to have Miss Perkins get in touch with Doc Freeman so that he could be on his way out to the farm when Bill reached home with Madeline. No, he wouldn't take the time to stop and tell Miss Perkins. Every moment was precious.

He saw the nurse in the open doorway as the sled cut through the driveway, the great lumbering horses lurching and stumbling in the piles of snow. She waved at Bill but he gave no response.

Once out on the open road he drove slowly, his eyes searching, searching for a dark object in the snow. Once he stopped the horses and leaped out of the sled, but the object he had hoped was Madeline proved to be only a log, half covered with snow.

* * *

At the Adams farm he turned around, bewilderment added to his anxiety. A woman, walking, might have wandered off the path, gotten into the woods and become lost there, but an automobile could not disappear completely.

Either Madeline had gone beyond the Adams place or the car had been wrecked and towed away. In the latter case it did not seem plausible that she would not have been taken to the Adams house or that he would not have been notified. Although few of the neighbors knew his wife personally, everyone knew her by sight.

At the crossroads he stopped again. It would be impossible to drive the horses and sled through the piles of underbrush but if by chance Madeline had had trouble with the engine and started on foot for help she might have missed the way and gone in that direction.

A search with the aid of a pocket flashlight, however, yielded no results. Bill climbed back into the seat of the sled and started for home. There he would telephone to town and ask someone to send out a searching party.

"I wouldn't worry," Miss Perkins said, in an effort to comfort him. "Maybe she decided to go to town and something held her up. She'll be home in a few minutes or she'll telephone—you'll see."

"I hope so." Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Bill lifted a pile of mail that lay on the dining room table.

"That came while you were out in the barn," the nurse hastened to explain. "I forgot to say anything about it."

There were catalogs, circulars, a newspaper and a letter. The address on the letter was in unfamiliar handwriting. Bill shoved the circulars to one side and picked up the letter. "Wonder who's writing me from Lebanon," he said.

Then he opened it. The nurse, watching his face, saw it turn the color of death. His nostrils quivered and his mouth grew taut—a mere, vivid line in his ashen face.

"Mr. Siddal, what is it? What's happened?"

"Nothing. Nothing. I'm going to town." He jammed Mrs. Plantzer's anonymous message into his coat pocket. "I'm going back to town," he repeated. "If Madeline should come tell her—"

The chug-chug of a motor engine killed the rest of the sentence. The car came into the driveway and stopped in front of the house. Bill rose, trembling, as though holding his breath.

The nurse, instinctively realizing that some sort of scene was imminent, slipped out of the room as Donna opened the front door.

(To Be Continued)

The EVENING STORY

PITY THE MAN

Following his graduation from Bartlette, Alec Yeaton returned to Morningtown a conquering hero, so to speak. Besides being a three letter man (football, baseball and track) and the idol of America's sports lovers, he was offered and accepted the position of sales manager of the Morningtown Athletic Goods Manufacturing, the largest industry of its kind in the state. Alec's official duties consisted more of autographing and indorsing products than it did manufacturing, but he was paid a salary that put other sales managers' incomes to shame. The thing that, the salary, plus the youth's popularity, that attracted Rowena Burrell. Rowena was Morningtown's belle, its personality girl, its winner in beauty contests. In a small sort of way she had acquired a reputation on her own score. She was sought after, but the seekers, to date, were small fry. She hoarded her affections for some one worth collecting, some one like Alec Yeaton.

Alec was somewhat bewildered by it all. During his last two years in college he had grown accustomed, without appreciation, to banquets and parties and the praise of enthusiastic friends. He had expected that when college was over this would all be left behind. It surprised him when Morningtown continued to hold banquets and parties in his honor, to sing his praises and make, in fact, more of a hero of him than did his college mates.

It surprised him, too, to discover that the once unattainable and worshiped from afar Rowena Burrell now appeared eager for his company. The reason for the change in her attitude never occurred to him. He was too unsophisticated to even sense a glimmering. He was flattered, too, for Rowena seemed actually proud to be seen in his company and by the end he was encouraged to propose marriage, breathless for fear she would refuse.

Rowena's immediate acceptance startled him. But after a moment something akin to self-confidence flowed back into his veins and he grinned. "Gosh, Rowena, that'll be swell! I'll chuck this job and we'll go off somewhere by ourselves and get a fresh start in something I've —why, what's the matter?"

Rowena was staring at him, horrified. "Chuck your job!" she exclaimed. "Go off where we're not known? Do something else! Oh, no, Alec. No!"

Alec couldn't understand what the trouble was, but he didn't press the matter. He thought it better to wait. And while he was waiting, Avis Cameron, whose family had lived next door to the Yeatons for years and years, came home from a trip abroad. The day after she arrived, Alec went over to pay his respects. He liked Avis; she had been his childhood playmate, and she was plain and unaffected.

"Hullo," she said. "Hail the conquering hero! How are you, Alec, and congratulations!"

"Hullo, Avis." Alec grinned boyishly. "Good to see you again. What are the congratulations about?"

"Why, on your engagement to Rowena, of course!"

"You don't look particularly happy about it. What's wrong? Worrying because you'll have to wear a full dress suit at the wedding?"

"Let's skip it, Avis," said Alec. "How're you been? Nice trip?"

"Splendid! When folks over across learned I came from Morningtown they wanted to know if I was acquainted with the great Alec Yeaton. It was a thrill to tell them I used to make mud pies with him."

"Quit kidding, Avis, I'm fed up with that stuff."

Avis studied him a moment. She wondered just how he would act if he knew that she wasn't kidding, that ever across he was, in a lesser way, regarded as a hero.

Presently she laid a hand on his arm. "Alec, why don't you quit this racket? Signing your name to advertisements and baseballs will never get you anywhere. I always thought you wanted to make something of yourself."

Alec looked at her quickly and a change came into his face. "Gosh, Avis, that's what I do want to do. Only—" He paused, looking downcast.

And Avis said: "I know how it is. Every one thinks you're the luckiest person on earth. They think you've got a snap, and would be a fool to give it up."

"Why, that's it exactly! That's exactly how it is!"

"Of course. When you suggest starting out for yourself, they all laugh at you. No one sympathizes at all."

Alec looked at her in wonder and admiration. Gosh! How the dickens did you know?"

Avis nodded wisely. "This job won't last forever, Alec. You'll fade out of the picture by the time some other football player becomes a hero. Then where'll you be? It'll be just so much harder to get a start."

Following this conversation Alec went home and did a lot of thinking. That night he called on Rowena Burrell and said things to her that brought out a burst of anger followed by a flood of tears. Miserable, sick at heart, he went home and lay awake till the early hours. The next day at noon he met Avis Cameron. One look at him and an expression of pity crossed her face.

"Listen, you big helpless baby," she said smiling. "You'd better forget what I said yesterday, I guess, after all, you'll be happier right here, taking your chances with the future. You're too unsophisticated to lose your glamour anyhow."

Which, for the time being, made Alec feel better, but also provoked him a feeling that was entirely new and strange; a feeling of anger and bitterness.

A week passed, and during that week Avis Cameron succeeded partially in overcoming an unaccountable sense of guilt and contempt—guilt because of her own selfishness, and contempt toward the man who didn't have courage enough to strike out for himself. In the end she decided to run up to Medford for a few days to visit a friend. Inwardly she knew she was trying to escape from something that, for her, was inescapable.

The evening before the morning set for her departure Alec called. It was the first time she'd seen him since the day they met during his lunch hour. Instantly something in his attitude struck her as different.

"Well, hero-man, why the big grin and happy, contented look?"

"Because," said Alec, "I'm not going to marry Rowena. We quarreled and broke our engagement."

Avis caught her breath. "And when a man breaks his engagement with the girl he loves," she said lightly, "it makes him happy, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alec, "I suppose it does." He looked at her intently.

"Because," said Alec, "I'm not going to marry Rowena. We quarreled and broke our engagement."

Avis caught her breath. "And when a man breaks his engagement with the girl he loves," she said lightly, "it makes him happy, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alec, "I suppose it does." He looked at her intently.

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THE FORWARD LOOK

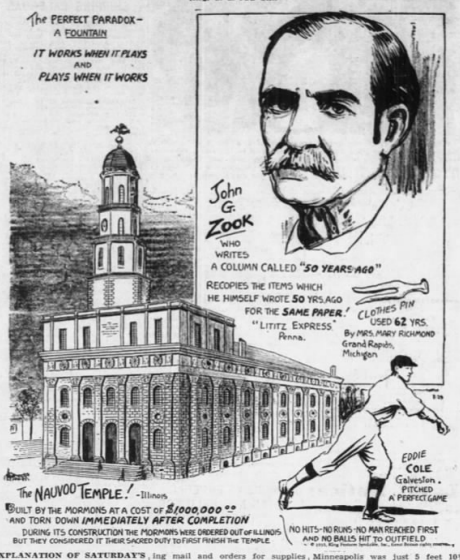
The feeling of security and well-being that a Savings Fund gives to its owner helps him through many a temporary disappointment and loss. His eye is on the future, and he saves regularly with that in mind.

THE HOMELIKE BANK
BANK OF HAWAII

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

by Ripley

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)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EXPLANATION OF SATURDAY'S CARTOON

Lone Burro Express—The first known instance of a little burro operating over a long mountain trail without human direction is the Midnight Express between Quartzville and Roberts, Ore. There the burro travels the road alone, carrying mail and orders for supplies from operators of a placer mine, over a rocky, rugged route of 25 miles the round trip. This "train," like all others, carries its identifying sound—a bray instead of a whistle—and never fails to make its arrival known.

The Shrinking Man—Before he began shrinking, Hans Nelson of Minneapolis was just 5 feet 10½ inches tall. In five years he shrank down to an even 5 feet in height, then underwent an operation, hoping to grow up again. The shrinking was caused by malfunctioning of a gland, withdrawing calcium from his bones.

Tuesday—A Puzzler of Golf.

Champion Sleeper

HORIZONTAL

1, 4, 7 The hero of a story from the "Sketch-Book."
13 Signal systems.
15 Plaything.
17 Parts of plants.
18 Music drama.
19 Poem.
20 Meadow.
21 Beret.
22 Three.
25 Alleged force.
26 Secreted.
28 Form of "a."
29 Skillet.
30 Kettle.
32 Part of Roman month.
34 Bewitching woman.
36 To sin.
37 To coagulate.
39 Wages.
41 To handle roughly.
43 Festival.
45 Nothing more than.
46 Eye tumor.
48 Precious metal.
50 To throb.
51 Century plants.
53 Turpentine.
55 Wayside hotel.
56 Starry stone.
58 Pedal digit.
59 He was an idle —— settler.
60 Finish.
61 He —— for 20 years.

VERTICAL

1 Lassoed.
2 Thought.
3 By.
5 Particle.
6 To bow.
7 Washington ——.
8 Quantity.
9 Nay.
10 Measure.
11 Lieutenant.
12 Corpse.
13 During his nap he became the ——.
14 Silk fabric.
16 Bill.
22 Advertisement.
24 Sun god.
26 Possesses.
27 He wrote to find himself.
29 Passing through.
30 Brooch.
31 Golf device.
33 Doctor.
34 Sun.
35 His wife was a ——.
37 Billiard rod.
38 To linger.
39 Mouth's roof.
40 Yes.
42 Work of genius.
44 Quantity.
45 Bill of fare.
46 Local position.
47 36 inches.
49 To let fall.
50 Offer.
51 Postscript.
52 Musical note.
54 House cat.
56 Sound of pleasure.
57 Like.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

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(Miss Dix will answer personality letters sent to her from Hawaii provided stamps are enclosed for postage on reply. She does not answer, except through this column, inquiries sent without postage, and as she receives thousands of letters a week, it is impossible for her to answer, through her daily column more than a small proportion of the requests for advice.)

Dear Miss Dix—When I married I thought I knew all the rules about making a husband happy and using tact and diplomacy in getting along with him. Especially was I strong about catering to his taste. Here is what happened: We don't like the same breakfast cereal. Simple, I thought, I'll buy two kinds. Which I do. He thinks it is extravagant. We don't like the same vegetables and I thought life had too much trouble in it to add to the grief by stuffing down vegetables we loathe. So I cook his vegetables and my vegetables, but he thinks we should have his kind one night and my kind the next. Then there is salad and dessert. He doesn't like salad and I have to coax him, and because he doesn't enjoy his whipped cream and cake because I am not fattening up on them. We planned a vacation and because I said I didn't care where we went because everything would be new and thrilling to me, he accuses me of not taking any interest in the trip.

I have worked hard at staying young and beautiful and my reward for that is his exclaiming: "My God, when I married you I supposed you would naturally get old and put on weight and get a few wrinkles here and there and sort of fade out generally. Instead, you are better looking now than when I married you. You've got more style." Worst of all, when I offer him his night out each week he refuses to budge from the fireside and wants to know if I am trying to get rid of him.

So what? I have done my best to observe all the rules and regulations for a happy marriage and apparently they have slipped a cog some way. Understand I am not kicking about my husband; I haven't seen one anywhere I would trade him for. He loves me. He is generous. Has no bad habits and thinks my family swell. But still I would like to know where I have fallen down. SALLY.

Answer:

They say that all signs fail in dry weather, Sally. Doubtless the same is true in marriage and no rules and regulations apply to all cases. The most we can do is to generalize about the holy estate and to suggest that certain remedies are likely to be efficacious for certain ills.

But husbands differ and each one has to be dealt with according to his individual idiosyncracies. Most husbands, for instance, are amenable to amiability and purr under the hand of the wife who stroked their fur the right way, but there are men who are born scrappers, who are never happy unless they are in a fight and who start something the minute they get home.

If there is roast beef for dinner, they want to know why it isn't chicken. If the lights are turned on, they rave about the waste of electricity. If the house is dark, they call it a tomb. If the wife asks how's business, they accuse her of prying into their affairs. If she doesn't, they want to know how a man can get along if he has a wife who doesn't take any interest in his career.

Evidently you have got one of the chronic fault finders whom nothing on earth would please. He gets his pleasure out of hammering you and probably he is terribly disappointed that you laugh things off and try to placate him instead of going to the mat with him and making scenes.

The only infallible rule for managing a husband is to study your man and then fight him or fall soup him as the case demands.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * *

Dear Miss Dix—Can you unriddle the riddle to which I am married? I am married to a man who is perfectly splendid in every other way except this: He delights in airing all my faults in front of company. When we are alone together he practically never criticizes me, but just let company come and he holds up all of my faults and shortcomings for their amusement. Why is this?

G. M.

Answer:

It is his way of being witty. He makes you the stalking horse for all his jokes. Lots of men do that. They really think their wives are just the best ever, but in order to show off how humorous they are they drag out poor old wife before company and try for laughs by making fun of her.

Think how many husbands you know whose after-dinner stories all center around the time their wives signed a check "Your truly," or put salt in the ice cream instead of sugar, or sold their best trousers to the rag man.

The only way to cure him is to make up some nice spicy stories about his little peculiarities and set the table in a roar by countering with them when he starts out with his little spiel.

DOROTHY DIX.

Believe It Or Not Facts From Hawaii Readers

This is one of the "Believe It Or Not" entries in the second annual national contest conducted by Robert L. Ripley. Believe It or Not cartoonist. Each one here published was entered by a Star-Bulletin reader in Hawaii. The original copies of this and other entried printed daily in The Star-Bulletin have been forwarded to the contest management in New York.

RECORD UNDERWATER STAY

On Kapalama Day, 1896, a Hawaiian man named Pololo, between 60 and 65 years of age, dove off the Fort St. pier and stayed under water between 9 and 10 minutes, breaking, I think, any record ever held by man. For further proof, see Honolulu papers of that and the following day.

ALTHEA TOKIMOTO,
2546 Kanelon Rd., Honolulu.

"However, I wouldn't know." There was a pause. "I've quit my job, too." He went on. "And I'm leaving today for Philadelphia to look for another, at something I want to do."

"Fine!" said Avis. "I'm glad, terribly glad!" She hesitated. "Write to me once in a while. I'd like to know how you're making out."

"The idea is," said Alec, "that a man wants sympathy. He wants to be pitied and understood."

Avis arched her brows. "So you figured it out, did you?"

"Yes," said Alec, "I did." He leaned toward her. "You understood, Avis. You knew that a man in my position needed sympathy and understanding more than anything else?"

"What do you think, hero-man?"

"I think," said Alec, "that I'd be the happiest man in the world if you'd wait a couple of years—till I get started on my new job. If you know what I mean?"

"I know," said Avis. "You big, helpless baby. And I'll wait."

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Know Your Bible

By EVELYN K. DUNLOP, B.A.

Q—On the last great day of the feast in John 7 what did Jesus cry unto the people?

A—"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." verses 37, 38.

Q—What parenthetical verse explains what He meant?

A—"But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him shall receive)," verse 39.

Q—What impression did Jesus make upon the multitude?

A—"So there was a division among the people because of him. And some would have taken him; but no man laid hands on him," verses 43, 44.

Q—When asked why they did not arrest Jesus what did the officers say?

A—"The officers answered, 'Never man spake like this man.'" verse 46.

Q—How did Nicodemus reveal his loyalty to Christ?

A—"Nicodemus saith unto them, 'Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?'" verse 51.

Minute Make-Ups

By V. V.

During the warm weather you probably learned a lot about how quickly creams can melt on your dressing table. When you use vanishing cream, use it cold! Keep it in the icebox. Or run the tube or jar on ice till it is hard. You need very little this way and you are less likely to rub your pores open with it when it is chilled.

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Dorothy Gray Make-Up Foundation Cream
Guards the skin against drying action of wind and sun. Makes cream rouge spread perfectly. Makes powder adhere. Gives a smoother, more regular tone of color to the skin.
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